Brag. A most acute Iuuenall, volable and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is returnd.

Enter *Page* and *Clowne*.

Pag. A wonder Maister, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.
Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee male sir.
O sir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue
sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought,
my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardone me my starres, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for *a salue*?

Pag. Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?

A. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tosore bin saine.
I will example it.

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at odds being but three.
There's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.

Pag. I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Pag. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the odds by adding foure.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenuoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the odds by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let

Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I thats a fat Goo
Ar. Come hither, come hither: How
Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was bro
Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan, thus c
Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose th
and he ended the market.
Ar. But tel me, How was there a *Costa*
Pag. I will tell you sencibly.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*
I *Costard* running out, that was safely wit
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my sh
Arm. We will talke no more of this
Clow. Till there be more matter in th
Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise t
Clow. O marrie me to one Francis, I
some Goose in this.
Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, set
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert
captiuated, bound.
Clown. True, true, and now you wi
and let me loose.
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee f
lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing b
significant to the countrey Maide *Iaque*
neration, for the best ward of mine ho
my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
Pag. Like the sequell I. Signeur *Cos*
Clow. My sweete ouce of mans flesh
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O that's the latine word
Three-farthings remuration, What's th
i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: W
muneration: Why? it is a fayrer name th
I will neuer buy and sell out of this word

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, excee
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Car

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